

Of course we girls all pitied Rachel Tinkham, but we never quite made her one of us.

She was such a shy little thing, and blushed if you spoke to her, and acted afraid of her own voice, and wore print dresses all the time, and never was invited to our parties.

She lived in a tumble-down old house which had been a very grand mansion once.

The Tinkhams had been great people in my grandmother's day. Nothing was left of their grandeur now, however, for there had been wine in one generation, and poverty in the next, and *delirium tremens* in the third.

Ray's father was the third. She had a wretched time keeping house for him. Her mother was dead.

"We" were the girls of Mrs. Bland's private school.

A dorm of us were out upon the road one morning. We were all talking at once. Some one, it seemed, had said the high school girls were better scholars than we were.

"Very well. So they are."

This was Kate Avery, and she was standing up by Kate's side where the road crossed a river, and where a hundred saucers of little bells swung out—blue and purple and rose-pink. If Kate was anything, she was honest, though she was handsome too.

"I don't know," said a French conversation, and Lou has a phanton, and I have two donkeys, and Queeny has been to Europe; but," lowering her voice, "it's an awful secret though it's the truth. The high school girls are miles and miles beyond us in Latin and mathematics."

Indeed they are," said I. "I'm what *mademoiselle* calls an 'idiot' in arithmetic. I really suppose that two and two make four, but if one of those girls were to tell me that they made five, I shouldn't dare dispute her."

"The fact is," said Kate, "the Tinkhams are no more of us, who is sure of her multiplication table. But then she doesn't really belong to us. She would not be here if it wasn't for sweeping and dusting to pay her tuition. There she is this minute."

A small, tired-looking figure in a coarse dress came in sight round the corner. It was Rachel with her load of books in her arms.

"She has worn that dress every day for three months," said Lou Stedman; "I verily believe she goes to bed when it is done up."

"My dear, she can't. She has to wash and change her self. Oh, there is Queeny!" cried Kate. It was such a gentle, graceful girl who came walking fast to overtake Ray, caught step as she overtook her, and began talking pleasantly.

"Doesn't she look nice in that seal-brown suit?" asked it as if just like her to carry Ray's books for her.

Queeny's name was Alice. You would have known why we called her Queeny if you had seen her walk beside little Tinkham that morning, open the gate, and stand still, erect, with that grand way of hers, for the girl to pass through. I believe we all rather worshipped Queeny.

Kate met them with her forehead all tied up into hard knots, and asked Ray, "didn't she 'want to be an angel,' and help her with those dreadful fractions?"

So they two sat down on the doorstep, and the rest went into the school-room. Then Lou called out to Ray to come and sit on her desk. She said "it was a half dusted." Queeny said:

"Ray is busy, I will do it," and she, silent and looking prouder than ever, dusted Lou's desk herself.

It was this morning, Friday, that Mrs. Bland told us that to-morrow would be Mountain day.

All the school in our town drive to the mountain once a year. Our day always comes in September.

This time Mrs. Bland couldn't go, so she sent along her cousin to matronize us. She was a fidgety person, afraid of spiders, and no good any way.

"We are to start at nine o'clock," Queeny said. "Say, can you be ready so early?"

Queeny was a new scholar. She didn't know that Ray never went with us to such places. Now she flushed and replied:

"I don't think I can go to the mountain."

"Certainly, you are going," Alice said it in her quietest way. "If you can't go to-morrow we will put off going."

"Saturday is my day to clean the school-room," Ray answered.

"We will call on you to begin this morning," said off came Queeny's cuffs and Kate's, all the cuffs, in fact. We went to work, and had sun fun, we were

and scrubbing. Just imagine Kate and Queeny washing the floor. They did it all, too.

"Now, remember, Queeny said, the last thing, "everybody is to wear her oldest dress. And, Ray, would you be kind enough to bring hard-boiled eggs for your luncheon? One apiece for us all round?"

Ray looked bright all over, and said yes.

Now I think it was just beautiful of Queeny to think of that. She knew Little Tinkham couldn't bring frosted cake and French rolls as the rest of us did.

So she spoke of the eggs. We all remembered that Ray had wonderful eggs. I am sure the word about old dresses, too, was meant to help her.

The next morning Obed Taintor came round with his uncovered omnibus and his two great horses and picked us up.

We went for Ray last. She was standing in front of the old house, beside the tub, with a wash-down gallop, with her basket of eggs in her hand.

She looked perfectly happy, and her dress was so clean and smooth Kate whispered to me:

"That dress has been washed and ironed since last night. Just think of it."

There was a clear, warm morning and every one was in such a glow of good spirits. I think we were all glad we had Rachel with us.

But if it hadn't been for Queeny Ray would never have gone, and if Ray hadn't gone the rest of us would never have come home, and this story—for there is a story—would never have been told.

It is eight miles to the mountain and there is a carriage-road to the top. The last two miles are very hard and steep, because you rise nearly a thousand feet above the Connecticut river in that distance.

But Obed was a steady, good driver and his horses were steady, good horses.

We always drew lots for the seat beside Obed, and it was one of our treats to get him talking about his "team," as he called it.

"What are their names?" asked Queeny.

"Yes,"—a pause. Obed was a slow talker, but he had a great deal to say. "The 'one of them is Caesar an' the nigh one he is Alexander."

"Are they afraid of the cars?"

"Aint afraid o' nothin' in natur."

Obed paused for us to think this over, and then went on:

"Know too much, them creeturs do. They've carried a load to the mountain for me every week all summer. They'd make ye 'bout 's well of I want along. They know—well—beats all what them animals know. Understand I'm talkin' 'bout 'er this minit's well's ye do. They're used to being talked to. My wife she thinks a sight of 'em. Beats all! They're good to the barn, and she'll carry 'em apples, and she'll be all over 'em; an' one week when she was sick, an' an' kep' in the house, you c'n believe it or not, but it's a fact that them creeturs, steady fiesl. She braids up their front hair for 'em, and ties it with a red ribbon, and then the next day she unbraids it, and it's combed, all in the fashion, you'll understand. As the girls come to a party to-day, they've got their hairs crimped."

Due bills for Caesar, and a lack for Alexander, were such a terrible piece of work that you came near doing that day, though we girls never shall feel that you were much to blame.

You see this was what happened.

We were all tucked into the wagon as tight as figs in a box, that afternoon. The boys were dragging on Lou called out that she had left her parasol. She must get it, and run up to the tower to get it.

"You just keep y'r sittin'," said Obed. "I'll fetch yer umbril!" and he started for the tower.

It was about ten rods off. The tower and stable are built in a small cleared space at the top of the mountain. All round the tower are thick, old woods and great rocks.

Obed had just gone out of sight when Queeny gave a little scream, and put her hand to her eyes. "Something has stung me," she said, and then, that instant, while we were all looking at her, it happened.

The horses both reared, then gave a plunge, the omnibus seemed to rise from the ground with a great leap, and sooner than I can tell it, we were all being borne, at an awful speed, down that narrow rocky road.

I glanced toward Caesar and Alexander, and saw a terrible pair of wild animals. I looked toward the girls, and saw two rows of white, frightful faces.

The horses were dragging on the ground. Some of us were shrieking, "Whoo!" A few were getting ready to jump. All this in an instant, and then, suddenly, above the noise of the wheels and of everything else, we heard a voice ring out clear:

"Still, girls! I think I can stop the horses!"

It was Ray Tinkham, of all people, in the world.

She stood up with a steady look in her eyes.

I must explain here that: the road from the tower runs down a gentle slope for half a mile, and there comes a sharp turn. Beyond that is Long hill, the steepest, most dangerous part of the way. Kate herself was leaning over the front door.

"If the horses are not stopped before they get to the turn, we shall all be killed."

Ray was climbing over the driver's seat. She always could climb anywhere, like a cat. She didn't pause an instant, but she called back to me:

"Natty Brock, put on the brakes. The rest of you sit still. Only pray as hard as ye can."

I sprang to the driver's seat, and jammed down the handle of the brakes. I prayed, too. I believed I should never pray again.

I saw and thought of a hundred things at once. I saw the great tree trunks and the huge black rocks close upon us. I remembered the clanging over the front door at home, and wondered who would tell my father that I was dead.

Meanwhile, Ray was over the dashboard, and down with her feet over the whiffletree.

How she did it, I shall never know, but the next we saw of her, she was crouching along the pole, between the horses, holding herself with her hands on their backs.

The horses went tearing on like wild horses, their manes flying, and their great bodies quivering all over.

Every instant the girls were becoming more excited.

Queeny was holding Mrs. Bland's quilt with both hands, to prevent her leaping out. Kate cried:

"We are almost to the turn. Who

is Ray doing? She will trighthen the horses worse than ever!" and she covered her eyes.

The brow of the hill was not forty feet off. Far behind, we could hear Obed's voice screaming to the horses to stop. The keeper of the tower was flying toward us.

But they were too far away to do any other thing. They seemed not one chance in a thousand for us. But that very instant, when we all believed we were lost, we looked at Ray.

We saw her reach forward with one hand, and grasp the reins which joined the heads of the horses together. Just where the connecting straps crossed one another, she caught them.

One sharp, fierce jerk of those great heads backward, and the horses slackened their speed, and in an instant more stopped.

The wagon stood still, although the creatures were snorting and plunging about with their heads up.

With a death-grip, and in a moment more Obed caught the horses by their heads.

His face was as white as it ever could be, and he spoke one word only. It was: "Hornets!"

The horses had been stung in more than twenty places. They were unharmed, but they were all out on the ground directly.

We laughed and we cried, and Mrs. Bland's cousin distinguished herself by fainting away.

"I don't blame the horses in the least," Queeny said. "One sting is bad enough. These men showed where their eyes were beginning to swell. 'The hornets came swarming out of the woods here.' As for Obed, he was a humiliated man.

"But I was the one to blame," she said. "I thought the horses would 'stand it.' I thought the proprietors of the hotel would tell me they never was the team I pitched up yet that 'ud stan' hornets. Blast the creetur's!" he added, in under-tone.

"But Ray Tinkham!" cried Kate, and she went up to where the little thing was sitting on a rock, looking pale and frightened.

"How did you ever think of doing that?"

"My grandmother stopped some runaway horses in that way once," gasped Ray. "I didn't know whether I could top these, but I knew somebody must do something, or we should all be dashed to pieces."

"Well," spoke Obed, "I've known o' what thine's bein' done just once afore in my lifetime, but it was a boy that did it. There's a sayin' 'mongst teamin' men that, when you haint got the reins, you an stop a runaway if you walk out on the heels and grip hold o' the bridles, but I ain't got no reins, an' I can't stand it."

"But wasn't it splendid of Ray?" cried Kate, going over, and putting her arm around her.

"Never knew a girl c'd have so much luckn'," answered the driver. "If she hadn't a' been light on 'er feet, an' level on 'er head, she never c'd have done it."

"I've heard of a girl that's been uncommon good horses, nothin' on 'er would 'a' stopped 'em."

And as she never meant to make so much of the story of one, but must tell you all, she gave her party some of this. All the fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and we carried her a carpet for her room and a new chamber set, and choice new clothes all through; and a few of the gentlemen gave her a bank-book, whatever that may mean. I only know that she was to leave the income of her father's estate, and to be educated high to educate her thoroughly. We had the best time that night, and Queeny's father took Ray out to supper, and she sat at his right hand, and everybody created her as though she had been a princess of the blood.

So do believe that Rachel was a happier girl, well off than Rachel that night—*Frank's Companion*.

American Honey Abroad.

Twelve months ago no American honey in the comb was sold in England, although a considerable quantity was exported from New York to Europe in glass jars. Now the trade is a large one, and the New York *Commercial Advertiser* writes that it has been worked up by Mr. Hoge, a well-known bee and honey man. After contriving means to ship the product without breaking the combs Mr. Hoge set himself to get it introduced on the royal table. Accident suggested a plan to this end, which only American enterprise would have dared to carry out. Mr. Hoge, who is dining in England, took his horse in London, took up a bottle of sauce, and on the label found that the condiment was prepared by one who had been high steward at Windsor Castle. "There's my man," thought Mr. Hoge, and away he went in search of him; utilizing his success in obtaining the high steward's address, and in getting the sauce. The merits of the sauce was of course the first thing spoken of, and the American praised it to the utmost. He then said that his object in seeking the former high steward was to introduce the sauce into the United States, and that he would very soon have had a large sale through the New York house which had sent him to England. Arrangements were made to have the sauce introduced here, and the ex-high steward was in good humor. This was the time to introduce the real object of the visit, and the American said: "Now, I want you to get a case of American comb honey placed on the Queen's table? The honey will tell for itself afterward, as you will find when I send you a case for your own use." "Nothing easier," replied the ex-high steward; "I will accept of your assistance with the present high steward at Windsor Castle, and he will do anything I request of him." The next day a case of the best honey was sent to the ex-high steward's house, and soon after another one was in Windsor Castle. The beautiful combs were placed on the Queen's table, and her grandfather, the Duke of Gloucester, the Prince of Wales, Alice, and her sisters, all took a liking to the honey, so dear to them that the Queen gave orders that ten cases should be at once purchased for the use of the castle, meaning, of course, her own table. The fact of this order having been given by the Queen, soon became known through the enterprise of the American, and the London press took up the subject of the American comb honey, praising it to the utmost. Even the *British Bee Journal* took back all it had said against the honey, and was loud in its praise. The result was that the American comb honey was to be found in a very short time on every table of the highest standard, and its success in Great Britain was assured. An order has been received to ship at once 500,000 pounds of the new crop, to be followed by a like quantity at a later period.

TIMELY TOPICS.

At the close of last year there were 31,841 miles of railroad in operation in the United States, with a population of about 38,000,000. The number of miles of road in operation in Europe was about 94,000, for a population of 300,000,000. The United States thus has a mile of railroad to about 464 inhabitants, and Europe one mile to about 3,333 inhabitants; or, in other words, every inhabitant of the United States has about seven times as much railroad as every European.

A congress for the improvement of the condition of the blind has been held in Berlin. Foremost among the questions was that of the printed or written character to be used by the blind, and the congress decided that the system of writing and printing by combination of raised points, first introduced by Louis Braille, should be used in Germany without modification. Another important decision was that the practice of uniting the blind and the deaf in the same institution was highly objectionable. The congress also recorded the fact that in the experience of German institutions rope-making is one of the best trades there practiced by the blind.

The funeral of Herlig, a Socialist master turner, was the scene of a great Socialist demonstration at Dresden. Several thousand sympathizers followed the body to the grave, but the police took advantage of the occasion to stir up against the public exhibition of republican emblems to forbid the wearing of political ensignia. No funeral oration was permitted, and when a woman stepped forward and spoke a few words an order was given to arrest her, the execution of which was, however, renounced by the police. The anger of the crowd, Several wreaths were thrown on the coffin, but not before the police had insisted on the removal of the red silk ribbons with which they were tied.

A great business is being done this year in the importation of iron from Africa for use in American manufacturing. The great reason for preferring African iron to native ore is, of course, its cheapness, but it has the further advantage of being remarkably free from phosphorus. There has been imported some 20,000 tons for two or three years, and in 1900 such quantities as now are being imported are estimated at two hundred thousand tons will be shipped to New York this year and half as much to Philadelphia, the latter for use at the iron works in Bethlehem and Johnstown and by the Pennsylvania Steel Company. Another notable feature of the iron trade is the strikingly low Bessemer pig, of which forty five thousand tons are known to be under contract for the United States. There have been no importations of this sort before since 1872.

The great importance which ostrich farming has acquired in Southern Africa recently has been seen from an ostrich auction recently held at Middleburg, Cape Land. The lowest price paid for one of these birds was £180, and the highest £250. The old birds are gathered together, were obtained by hunting long, and at that time a good bird could be bought for a menagerie or a zoological garden at a moderate price. But since their domestication and the development of ostrich farming as an industry their price has risen enormously. At present the Zoological Society of London is purchasing living ostrich, from the Cape of Good Hope 2,227 pounds of ostrich feathers were exported in 1860, at a value of £19,261; but in 1873 the exportation had risen to 31,584 pounds, at a value of £159,679, and recently a bunch of picked bloods were sold at Port Elizabeth for £150. A pound—that is, about 15s. a feather.

The Anthracite Coal Fields.

At the meeting of the American Science Association in Saratoga P. W. Sheaffer, of Pottsville, Penn., spoke of the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania and their rapid exhaustion. He said that the production of anthracite coal in that State was begun in 1829 with 365; now 20,000,000 tons per annum are produced. Mr. Sheaffer asserted that only one-third of the coal goes into consumption; two-thirds are wasted, lost in the mines and in preparation. He put the maximum output at about 50,000,000 tons per annum, and at the present rate of increase this limit will be reached in the year 1900, and in 186 years, say in the year 2065, our anthracite coal fields will be exhausted. Then we must fall back on our bituminous coal area, which reaches the enormous total of 200,000 square miles, say over 100,000,000 tons per annum. Mr. Sheaffer said that the competition between our several coal companies and by them with the bituminous coal will always keep the price moderate. He doubted if now Britain could produce 136,000,000 tons, enormous present rate of increase she will exhaust her coal—above 4,000 feet—in about the time in which our anthracite output will cease. But she has no more than 100,000 square miles, as we have in the West.

Czar Peter and the Wig.

Peter the Great was a half-savage in his manners. He never spoke in any manner enough to be understood, though some of his addresses had a very comical effect: On his second visit to a town in Holland, he and the burgomaster of the place attended divine service, when an unconscious action of the czar almost upset the gravity of the congregation. Peter, feeling his head growing bald, turned to a nearest neighbor, his minister, and from his side and transferred the wig, the hair of which, bowed down over the great little man's shoulders, to his own head, and sat so till the end of the service, when he returned it to the minister-burgomaster, bowing his thanks. The great man's fury was not soothed by the czar's assurance that it was no practical joke at all that his majesty had played; that his usual custom, when at church, if his head was bald, was to seize the nearest wig he could clutch.—Belgravia.

It is estimated that there are in the United States 400,000 railway cars of all kinds, also 16,000 engines. These engines and cars in traveling over the roads lose annually between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 of nuts. These will weigh over 200,000 lbs. The loss of nuts is estimated between \$30,000, and \$40,000, and this loss is continued from year to year, saying nothing of the nuts thrown in the scrap heap, with their bolts worthless from the use of the jam nut, also the liability to accident from loose nuts.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Incompatibility.

At last, since thou canst all my own,
My love, my life, my promised bride!"
He murmurs softly, sinking down
Clarinda's peerless form beside.
Let's figure, sweet, how well we'll begin
Our married state that is to be.
Yes, love. To out a figure in
The world is all my wish!" says she.

For house," says he, "what better than
A tiny cot by ocean's flow?"
"Twould do," she says, behind her lan,
"If marble fronts were scarce, you know!"
Ahem! And we might well engage
One maid-of-all-work, stout and neat!"
Y-e-e-s, and a footman, cook and page,
And coach and pair!" she murmured sweet.

Why, really, dear—but words are air—
With love for guests at home a field,
Our food shall be the simplest fare.
Our drink the dairy's snowy yield!"
Y-e-e-s! with etceteras rare and blest,"
She coyly adds: "that money brings—
—ish; game in season; wines the best—
Broils, stews, fruit cake, ice-cream and
— things!"

In Midea's name!" he cries, with look,
And tone and mien from rapture free,
Dost deem a millionaire to hook,
Ambitious girl, in wedding me?"
Why, not at all, Sir Stinginess!"
She quick responds, with scornful shout;
But just remember none the less,
As servant I'm not hiring out!"

They sever—the with angry look
That never bids him pause nor stay;
He clutching tight his pocketbook,
And precious glad to get away.
Dissembling might have done with tact,
If not too soon betrayed," says she;
How lucky that to gobber fact
I brought her ere too late!" says he.

Fashions of the Season.

Among the new dress goods in silk
and wool mixtures are found some
novelties in the form of welted striped
goods, the stripes running across, not
lengthwise the goods, producing a cor-
ruy effect; and upon this surface,
whose ground is either a genuine blue,
green or dark green, brown or
black, bright silk threads produce a
owered design in jardiniere effects, the
gures being for the most part small set
designs. This stuff is intended for the
aniers, back draperies, cuffs, revings,
and collars, and is a genuine novelty.
The stripes, and minor parts are com-
posed of self-welting, all-wool, welting
of goods of tints and silks correspond-
ing with the grounds of the figured
goods. In the plain goods intended for
the undershirts the welted stripes are
also crosswise the goods.

Other fancy silk and wool mixtures
have narrow alternate stripes of plain
wool and figured silk, the silk stripes in
small bright arabesque or armure de-
signs. Other stripes are of gay orange
and black, and of brown, French gray,
cherry garnet, peacock, gendarme and
violet blues, shades of stone and
olive or slate color.

Plaid Jaquard is a genuine novelty.
The large plaids being produced in a
variety of novel and striking designs
and sharply contrasting colors woven in
Jaquard loom, and while they imi-
tate the stripes and colors of tartans, are
very unlike them. Broken blocks,
squares, and dashes of color are pro-
duced in the midst of the wool mixtures
of bright threads of silk thrown in, the
predominant tints being old gold, sap-
green and turquoise blues, cherry and
black, and the dash of bright shades of
green on dark grounds.

In plain all-wool goods, in addition to
the camel's hair goods, cloths, flannels
and cashmires of last winter, we are
shown a new material called *toile de
campier*. This is plain woven, but has
a rough surface, and resembles bunting
made sufficiently heavy to serve for warm
wear.

The ready-made suits, thousands of
which are sold every season and sent all
over the world, are shown this fall in
dark cloth colors in the new shades of
maranth, Rembrandt green, gendarme
or duck's breast and navy blues, (dapling
and stripes), and in gay orange and
golden browns and black, with garni-
ngs and parts of the costumes of trim-
ming satins, plain, plaided or striped
silk plush, Jaquard corduroys or welted
stripes, wide woolen braids and Scotch
and Jaquard plaids, or other trimming
oods of silk and wool mixtures similar
to those described in these *suits* and
made up in the form of a coat basque
with pointed waistcoat in front and a
postilion back, ~~and~~ and has not a waist-
coat it is a corset stomacher like a waist-
coat which is pointed below the plaid
and consists of two revers sewed together
own the middle, extending from the
neck down and tapering gradually na-
turally to the waist. Under this plastron
waistcoat or stomacher the basque is
fastened with small flat buttons. The
waist may be either of plain cloth or
satin, or it may be covered with parallel
lines of zigzag braid set on crosswise in
points. The postilion backs are some-
times pointed, but oftener square, and are
given flat box-plaits beaded with fancy
trimmings. The skirts are short, trimmed
with the usual founce or flounces, in the
usual variety of silk, cloth and blouse of
the season. Faniers appear on many of
these skirts, or scarfs arranged to produce
anner effects. Wide belts are seen on
many of the basques, beginning in the
team under the arms and fastening in
front. Other basques are half double-
breasted, and others again have surplus
plaits or gathers in the belt and blouse of
the skirt. Also similar in basques, fasten-
ing down with three-inch wide belts, to
which the side pocket is attached. The
buttons on the waistcoats are smaller
than those on other parts of the costume.
Few outside pockets are seen, but some-
times a long square or pear-shaped ap-
pendage of this kind is attached to the
waistcoat and blouse, and made very
effective with trimmings. Plaid silk
and silk plush of the same shade as the
wool material of the dress, and self-
welling Jaquard corduroys, also of the
shade of the woolen stuff, are used for
trimming calmeses, *taille*, *taille*, *taille*,
camel's hair and *toile de campier* goods.
These ready-made suits range in
price all the way from \$20 to \$75 and
\$100.

Large and small bonnets, the first ver-
y large and the second very small, are seen
among the importations of milliners.
The large bonnets are either
pokes with close side, directors

brims with square crowns and flaring brims, or Rabagas bonnets that frame the face like a halo. The small bonnets are close - cottage shapes, or are square crowns and almost brimless, such as have been worn at Saratoga and Newport during the summer, and the latter are seen with a great breadth in the back. Other shapes serve as either a round hat or a bonnet, and English turbans, Derbyes and large Tyrolean hats are all among the new shapes. The Gainesboroughs and other fanciful, picturesque shapes are not by any means discarded.

These shapes are brought out in smooth soft felt, silk plush and fur beavers, with pile an inch long. Sometimes the crown of the hat will be of silk and the brim of beaver or the reverse, and sometimes felt brims are given fur or silk crowns, or felt crowns are seen with plush of beaver or brims. The feather felts which were introduced last season appear again this season in greater numbers, and in the delicate tints and beige tints and cream and pearl white, which show that they will be used for the richest full-dress occasions.

The felts, beavers, and plushes are here seen with plenty of color, and this season that they did not, or even greater. The new tints of cloth shades that are seen in the dress goods appear in the bonnets and hats, showing plainly that costumes will require a hat or bonnet to match this winter's attire. The new shades will be revived, and that fashion. For the new shades, colors found in felts and other millinery goods, new names are given. Rembrandt is a new name for a dark bluish shade of peacock green. A new red with a dash of purple in it is Amaranth, and the old Egyptian or Pompeian reds are now called Egyptian. Japonais is a new green blue, and gendarme blue takes the title of Douairerie and duck-crest blue, golden brown is *canine*, and the most fashionable shade of plum brown is as ever, and the most fashionable shades of beige tints with cream, ivory and wax white, are all in demand equal to the supply.

Fancy feathers will be used to excess again in trimming bonnets and hats. Whole and half birds, tails, wings, pompons, and feather fringes and ruffles will all be seen with plush of beaver. Long and straight plumes of the natural color are also to be revived, and tips, demi-long and Mercutio, and willow plumes, are all to be worn.

The full wraps are for the most part mantel-ties similar to those worn last spring, but ulsters, round cloaks and close jackets will be worn a good deal. Most of the full suits are now in the hands of the dressmakers have a jacket of the material of the skirt and jackets of the material of the skirt. Dresses where ready-made garments are sold. When the jacket is a part of a costume it is trimmed to match the same, but the independent jackets are untrimmed, save with rows of stitching and effective buttons of ivory, horn, shell or metal. — *New York Sun.*

Position in Sleep.

Position affects sleep. A constrained or uncomfortable posture will often prevent repose. Lying flat on the back with the limbs relaxed, and the head and neck at a moderate amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side; but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or diminish the power of the vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to produce troublesome dreams. In persons who habitually, in their work or play, stoop, straighten the spine, and those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have had pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so when in this position, because the soft palate and uvula hang on the tongue, and that organ falls back so as to partially close the passage of the air. This is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in the absence of special chest disease, rendering it desirable to lie on the weak side so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand; it is well to choose the right side, because when the body is thus placed the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines. A glance at any plate of the viscera anatomy will show how one ear is above the other on a particular side; but, if possible, the right side should be chosen, so that any saliva which may be secreted shall run easily out of the mouth, if not unconsciously swallowed. Again, sleeping with the arm thrust over the head is the most dangerous, but this position is the one assumed during the extremities and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are that it creates a tendency to catch cold in the chest, and sometimes seems to give rise to headaches during sleep, and dreams. These small matters often make or mar comfort in sleeping. — *Medical Journal.*

A Smart Wife.

The other morning a citizen called at a hardware store on Woodward avenue and said he wanted a key to a certain door in his house, and he had a key carried away. On the sixth day he came back. On his way down town after dinner he stopped and exchanged the key for another, explaining that the first wouldn't fit. These changes took place twice a day for the next four days, the citizen being unable to get his key to turn. On the sixth day he drove up to the store with a door on a dory, and talking to the proprietor he said:

"Bring your box of keys out here and we'll get a fit to that lock. Here I have been running back and forth for about a week, and I might not have got a fit for a whole month if my wife had not suggested that I bring the door down here. Some of these women are mighty smart."

"But why didn't you take the lock of the door and bring it down in your pocket?" asked the dealer.

The buyer looked at him in a vacant way, stared hard at the door, and said down on the curbstone with the remark:

"It's a wonder that the whole family wasn't sent to the fool-house ten years ago." — *Detroit Free Press.*

Astronomy Made Easy.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And planets around him so grand
Are swinging in space,
Held forever in place
In the Zodiac girdle or band.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And Mercury's next to the sun;
While Venus so bright,
Seen at morning or night,
Comes second to join in the fun.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And third in the group is our Earth;
While Mars with his fire,
So warlike and dire,
Swings around to be counted the fourth.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
While Jupiter's next after Mars;
And his four moons at night
Show the speed of the light;
Next golden-ringed Saturn appears.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
After Saturn comes 't'ransus rare;
And his antics so queer,
Led astronomers near
To old Neptune, who drives the last car.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An Imperious Quesar.—The sheriff.
An indescribable uncle—Carb-uncle
Sound logic—Arguing through the telephone.
How many passengers will a train of circumstances carry?
Mount Stanford, in the Sierra Nevada, is covered with red snow.
A man who declared himself to be intoxicated with music was considered aright.
A new Mormon temple now in course of erection at Salt Lake City is, to cost \$5,000,000.
To use the new machines or the old-fashioned washboards? Aye, there's the rub.—*Piquette.*
There are now in Texas over 5,000,000 sheep. Last year over 11,000,000 pounds of wool were shipped out of the State.
In Tennessee, South Carolina and Delaware clergymen are now expected to become members of the Santo Legislature.
A Black Hills correspondent states that he believes the development of the mineral resources of the Black Hills has only begun.
Miss Porter, of Detroit, paid a hackman less than he demanded, and he angrily struck her. She drew a revolver from her satchel and shot him dead.
Samuel Nussbaum murdered his wife at Girardeau, Missouri, and was stopped in an attempt to kill himself on the spot; but he was determined to die, and has finally accomplished his purpose by starvation.
The French have been trying, with some success, the plan of towing canal boats by locomotives. A railway is laid down in the towpath, about one meter (20 inches) from the side of the canal, and on this are run small locomotives of four or more tons, according to the weight to be pulled.
Queensland, the youngest of the Australian group, occupies the northeastern quarter of the Australian continent and stretches from the northern boundary of New South Wales to the Gulf of Carpentaria. It is twelve times the size of Pennsylvania, twice the size of Canada and half as large again as England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Spain combined. It is rich in gold.

MISS BANGS.
The bounteous, buxom Bertha Bangs
Is one of our better angels.
She bangs the doors and bangs the chairs,
And likewise bangs her auburn curls.
She bangs on the piano, too,
And bangs upon the light guitar.
But, oh, of all the bangs she bangs,
She most loves to bang her auburn hair.
Oh, banging, bouncing, buxom belle,
The poet's lyre with mintage twangs—
Responsive to the influence
Of thy beloved and thy seasons bangs.
—St. Louis Times-Tribune.

An Aerolith in France.
The speaker's speech before the scientists, at Saratoga, dealt mainly on those lesser bodies called meteors, and which, according to Prof. Newton, of Yale College, are so numerous that no fewer than four hundred millions of them enter the earth's atmosphere every year. Fortunately for us, it is only the largest of these meteoric stones, and these are so extremely rare—which do not become wholly dissipated before reaching the ground; from all others the air is, as Prof. Newton expresses it, "a shield to protect us from an otherwise intolerable bombardment." One of these few has, strangely enough, brought up an entirely new question of property law in France. It is a thing not very long since a peasant crossing a field saw a number of unusual magnitude, which fell with a great noise and touched the ground within a few yards of his feet. Recovered from his fright, he went to the spot and unearthed a stone of considerable size, which, in scientific language, is called an aerolith. It occurred to him that the stone had dropped down to him from Heaven must be a rarity and might have a money value. After consulting the schoolmaster of his commune, he took the mysterious substance, of no terrestrial operation, to the Issoudun Museum, and there received in exchange for it the sum of 225 francs. The proprietor of the field visited by a product of the skies, who lives in Paris, read in the newspapers an account of the celestial transaction, and strong in a maxim prevailing in France to this day, that property in land extends from heaven above to hell beneath," instructed a court attorney to bring an action against him. He claimed either the restitution of the aerolith which fell upon his land, or \$2,000 damages, which he judged to be the value of it. The case has not yet been decided, and threatens to drag its weary length for some time to come. It has, however, been pretty clearly established that the damages claimed are excessive. There is a regular tariff of the value of aeroliths at the Paris Museum, and \$25 is a high average price. Eminent legal talent is engaged on both sides, and thus far the peasant is believed to have the better of the Parisian.